

The Molniya Sanction

FADE IN

EXT. SPACE

THE MOON -- colonization has already begun.

Modular pods, solar generators and connecting corridors are spread out in the shape of a wagon wheel.

MOVE INTO A LOW EARTH ORBIT -- above the Americas.

A cluster of METALLIC FRAGMENTS tumble at over ten thousand miles per hour. They narrowly miss a --

COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE ARRAY

Followed by a rapid flash that is...

TERRIER FOUR, an American space craft in swift pursuit of the orbital debris. Compact and agile -- thrusters pulsate while releasing a steady trail of golden ion particles.

INT. TERRIER FOUR - COCKPIT - DAY

The craft seats two, designed for medium length missions.

The pilot is VINCE JAMMER, 28, commercial astronaut. Stenciled on the front top of his helmet: JAM'N.

JAMMER

Told ya they'd miss the sat-com.

Jammer rubs his palms together in excitement and cracks his knuckles through the advanced life suit.

JAMMER

Rodeo time, partner.

Co-pilot JOHN KITCHENER, 42, taps virtual keys on a computer console. He activates a 3D TACTICAL DISPLAY. His helmet reads: KITCH

The digital display shows the Terrier above the Earth. Kitchener highlights and locks onto the orbital debris, then speaks into on-board communications...

KITCHENER

Boundary Point, confirmation of three targets. Seven-zero-zero meters and closing.

BOUNDARY POINT (O.S.)
 (male voice over comms.)
 Copy that. Good hunting, T-4.

Jammer clenches his teeth. An intense grin appears on his face as he eagerly turns to his co-pilot...

JAMMER
 Small wager I'll get all three?

KITCHENER
 Boundary Point, lining up a hook.
ONE hook.

Jammer sighs, rolls his eyes. His co-pilot lacks faith.

OUTSIDE THE TERRIER

The Terrier is now within two hundred meters of the tumbling space debris. The nose-mounted RETAINING JAWS open wide as the ship rolls to port.

INSIDE THE TERRIER

The pilot initiates a series of lightening quick adjustments in response to his moving targets -- looking for that moment where all three pieces are positioned and rotating perfectly.

OUTSIDE THE TERRIER

Terrier-Four lines up the space junk. Two pieces enter inside of the forward retaining jaws. The third remains slightly within reach.

The final catch tumbles erratically and impacts into the nose. The ship violently shakes.

INSIDE THE TERRIER

Jammer struggles to accurately line up the elusive third piece

KITCHENER
 Two in, close it up. *Vince!*

JAMMER
 I got it! I got it!

THROUGH THE FORWARD VIEW PORT

The final fragment flips up and out of the retainer and slams hard against the cockpit glass. THUD then POP...

THE COCKPIT GLASS CRACKS

High pitched klaxons wail. Caution lights flash everywhere. The co-pilot checks his systems...

KITCHENER

Holy! Magnetic seal broken?

Jammer squirms in his seat and squints to see beyond the now obstructed view port.

JAMMER

Seal ain't broken. I can't see shit. What the...?!?

KITCHENER

Release 'em -- for Christ's sake!

JAMMER

Don't worry. It's superficial.

Kitchener grabs the right shoulder of his stubborn pilot. Material from the flight suit wads up in his clenched fist.

KITCHENER

Superficial?!? You already trashed a ship this month. Disengage now!

The frustrated pilot hesitates, then reluctantly...

releases the thumb lever on his flight stick. He rages and then punches the front of the display console.

OUTSIDE THE TERRIER

The front-mounted retainer releases the space junk which safely continues ahead of the slowing space craft.

INSIDE THE TERRIER

Jammer leans back, head up -- eyes tightly closed.

Kitchener deactivates the audible alarm and enters additional flight codes. He collects his emotions.

KITCHENER

Boundary Point, mission aborted.
Returning to the lake, M.E.T.
zero-four-four-seven.

BOUNDARY POINT (O.S.)
 Roger that. U.T.C. seven-zero-two.
 Safe landing, Terrier Four.

JAMMER
 Ask 'em if they got glass coverage.

KITCHENER
 Why do you always push it?

Jammer shrugs his shoulders.

KITCHENER
 You don't even know, huh? Get
 someone else to babysit you up
 here.

EXT. SPACE - LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Terrier Four descends into the atmosphere.

Switch to...

The I.S.S. SPACE STATION, now upgraded, expanded, yet still
 recognizable. Standard orbit -- business as usual.

I.S.S. becomes completely SHADOWED by...

THE MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION as it returns to an
 Earth-close portion of an elliptical orbit.

The size difference is immediately apparent. While
 classified as a station, it resembles a long space-craft.
 Technologically superior to any rival.

SUPERIMPOSE: Molniya One Space Station

Weight: 15,000 short tons

Current Crew: 0 (automated mode)

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONTROL ROOM

Darkness, and then...

Monitors illuminate as computers restore the life support
 systems. Ceiling lights activate. Wall vents open so that
 warm oxygen circulates in anticipation of arriving guests.

HALLWAY

A DARK PASSAGE -- lights continue to activate.

Something small floats in the middle of the hallway -- it's a pen! Additional life support initiates. Gravity plates energize. The pen falls to the floor and then rolls away.

A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM

VIDEO WALLS power up. A conference table is decorated with PLACARDS, U.N. style, each printed with the names of Middle Eastern nations. The U.S.A. is included.

OBSERVATION WINDOWS SHOW:

The beautiful planet Earth. Exit down and into the...

LOWER LEVEL

THE AIRLOCK PREP AREA

The pressure door rapidly slides open...

Boarding the station is the Chairman of the Russian Government, VIKTOR RURIK, 60, stern, weathered -- difficult for him to hide a decaying health. He pauses, deeply inhales the frigid air... absolutely loves it!

He methodically makes his way...

DEEPER INTO THE CORE OF THE STATION

Wall partitions change to thick safety glass. Inside is a network of automated biological laboratories.

SPECIMEN LAB 1

Rurik begins to interface with a COMPUTER TERMINAL. Moments later, a specimen wall opens to a concealed area.

A robotic arm presents a transparent livestock carrier containing a healthy GOLDEN RETRIEVER.

Chamber seals as another robot retrieves a sample from the zone -- labeled in Russian: PX-11.v17

Sample is loaded and injected into a livestock carrier.

A HISSING SOUND

K-9 inhales the invisible agent, squeals in pain, rolls and bloats up -- coat bubbles into a mucus-like slime.

Poor animal dies within ten seconds.

RURIK
(Russian)
Too merciful.

Rurik REPEATS the above procedure. This time he uses a MONKEY -- exposes the primate to: PX-11v.18

CLOCK BEGINS: Five seconds later -- primate panics, gasps for breath, begins bleeding from eyes and other orifices.

It appears blind, yet remains conscious -- can't do much except cling to the side of the carrier, totally terrorized.

RURIK
Perfect.

He enters another command into the terminal...

Robot places the remainder of PX-11v.18 into a REPLICATOR.

Screen reads in Russian: FINALIZE AND SYNTHESIZE. Excitedly, Rurik activates the procedure.

The robot moves the livestock carriers onto a conveyor system where they transfer into:

A meter-long SAMPLE TUBE. The tube seals and then travels through the wall into a...

SECOND CHAMBER

The universal bio-hazard symbol is stamped onto the side. Sample tube travels into a...

THIRD CHAMBER

The final destination is:

A TWO METER, THICK-WALLED, EJECTION TORPEDO.

Sample is secured and sealed inside of a torpedo which is then loaded into a FIRING TUBE.

A red light appears on the now sealed tube...

EXT. SPACE - LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The BAY on the Molniya station opens...

One of TWO tubes opens. The ejection torpedo fires and catapults into the darkness of space.

LOOK DOWN ONTO EARTH -- THE MIDDLE EAST

Israel, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon and Syria...

CIRCULAR DARK SPOTS where tan desert should glimmer. Additional residue visible in Eastern Egypt, Western Iraq and even Western Iran. This isn't a naturally occurring anomaly.

EXT. NELLIS BOMBING RANGE - GROOM LAKE - DAY

Terrier Four glides on approach and then lands on a long runway.

SUPERIMPOSE: Nellis Bombing Range and Runway.

Groom Lake, Nevada.

An over-sized, custom LOWBOY prepares to accept the re-usable craft.

INT. RESIDENTIAL - TEENAGER'S BEDROOM (MALE) - DAY

Shades drawn. Blankets and pillows are piled near the side of the bed. Mattress is slid over and teeters on the top of the box spring. Evening clothes are hastily scattered around the floor.

The unkempt pile slowly moves...

A late 20s female emerges and awkwardly stumbles to her feet. ALEXIS HAMILTON, briefly naked -- wraps a sheet around her body, looks around while trying to regain focus. Appears to be a product of one hell of a party.

She checks her wrist -- no watch. Fumbles for a displaced alarm clock. Squints to see the time: 9am

ALEXIS

Shit.

Pants found -- hastily pulls them up, commando style. Covers up with a crumpled blouse. Goes to leave the bedroom and clips her pinky-toe against an empty liquor bottle.

OUCH -- SHE HOPS -- tries not to make any noise.

The pillows and blankets once again move. A naked young male, 19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY, emerges from the very bottom. He spots Alexis as she heads for the door...

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
Going already?

ALEXIS
Running late -- kinda figured
breakfast in bed was out of the
question.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
Wait. I still gotta get your
number.

Her sigh is part annoyance, part hangover. Fakes a smile and then exits the room...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL - NEVADA - DAY

An upper income house -- no way it can be Girl Toys.

Alexis stumbles out of the front door, partially blinded by the Nevada sunshine. She further dresses -- struggles with her balance, finally arrives at --

A RED CONVERTIBLE SPORTS CAR -- fast and reckless.

She falls in, fumbles for the keys, looks back at the house where shirtless Girl Toy pursues -- leans over and then she pukes out of the side of the car.

Girl Toy is now at the passenger door.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
You okay?

She leans back in the seat, wipes away a chunk.

ALEXIS
Just peachy...
(looks at mess on her hand)
...carrots too.

Ignition key turns -- raw horsepower thunders to life.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
Last night you were... out of this
world.

ALEXIS
 Hope so. Happens to be where I
 work.

Alexis removes a half-full bottle of JACK from the middle console and takes a swig.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
 I gotta be with you. I'm dumping my
 G.F. Mad in love -- heartbeat kind.

She swishes the liquor around her mouth, leans out of the car and spits her "mouthwash" onto the ground -- recoils at the experience.

ALEXIS
 How old are you, uhh...?

Girl Toy appears rejected, offers something black and crumpled to her.

19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOY
 Your underwear.

She shakes her head...

ALEXIS
 Didn't wear any...
 (soft smile)
 Probably best for us both that you
 go back to your G.F.

Foot slams on the accelerator. Tires peel out. Girl Toy is left in the swirling dust. Vanity plate reads: SPACEGAL

INT. RESIDENTIAL - KITCHEN - DAY

Brilliant sunlight shines through the open window of a modest eat-in kitchen.

On the counter, a thin glass projects a video image of a MALE REPORTER. The sound is mute.

At the kitchen table sits PARKER BRADLEY-HAMILTON, 7, shovels a breakfast cereal into his mouth. His focus split between eating and a hand held video game.

JEB BRADLEY, 35, tall, kinda handsome, patience personified -- an open LETTER is in his hand.

SCAN THE FOLLOWING TEXT:

LYON COUNTY GRADE SCHOOL... PARKER BRADLEY-HAMILTON... LACK OF ATTENTION... DIFFICULTY IN GROUP ACTIVITIES... URGE PARENT-DOCTOR DISCUSSION ABOUT ADHD COUNSELING OPTIONS.

Jeb glances at his son then folds the letter -- places it inside a blue envelope.

JEB

Waddya say you learn to wash your own dishes?

Young eyes grow with concern. He looks down at his bowl.

PARKER

But... mommy doesn't make me when I stay with her.

Cereal falls from his lips.

JEB

It can't always be fun and games like when you stay with your mom and don't talk with a full mouth.

Parker tilts the box. His bowl overflows with cereal.

PARKER

I won't never stop eating so I don't never have to wash it. Never, ever, eva!

JEB

Just like your mom. Hate to do things that ya have to do.

Jeb's attention is captured by the video screen -- grabs a nearby remote and raises the volume.

Background to the Reporter is a video MONTAGE of post nuclear aftermath -- everything from burnt-out cities to mass graves, human devastation and unthinkable suffering.

MALE REPORTER (T.V.)

...and since China has recently committed to participating in the Middle East peace treaty that will finalize the number to seven nations. They will join host Russia -- an outer space rendezvous on the new Molniya Space Station...

A STILL of the MOLNIYA ONE space station.

MALE REPORTER (T.V.)
 ...what some believe is nothing
 more than an unnecessary waste of
 resources.

A STILL of protesters gathered outside N.A.S.A. Their
 signage reflects a deep divide for the Molniya peace treaty
 vs. humanitarian and economic aid.

MALE REPORTER (T.V.)
 Joining us is Middle East expert
 and author of recent best seller:
 Scorched Earth -- Kathleen Tyler.

A mid-40s woman, KATHLEEN TYLER, sits down at the table.

MALE REPORTER (T.V.)
 Welcome back, Mrs. Tyler. Since the
 nuke barrage, a year ago tomorrow,
 it's estimated at a half a million
 dead in Tel Aviv, two million in
 Egypt, and almost six million
 Iranians -- life completely wasted.
 Throughout history, this part of
 the world knows only war and
 suffering. A whole lot of people
 think that world leaders signing a
 treaty on board a space station is
 well... *heavenly idiotic.*

Jeb removes the cereal box from the table.

JEB
 I got your bowl, get dressed. Your
 moms picking you up soon.

Parker is ecstatic, bolts away from the table. Jeb directs
 his focus back to the news broadcast.

KATHLEEN (T.V.)
 The world was within days of global
 thermal nuclear war. The Middle
 East has devastated itself so badly
 that only together can they rebuild
 to functionality. An
 extraterrestrial peace accord may
 one day become historic. I say
 let's try it. Besides, it's already
 under way.

Jeb powers down the screen, shows a: THOUSAND YARD STARE

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

A magnificently decorated bedroom except for the unmade bed. An open suitcase rests on top of that bed.

First Lady, SUSAN URBAN, mid 40s, freshly showered, wears a bath robe. She holds up an odd pair of thick underwear with tubes sewn in. Scoffs at it.

SUSAN

Okay, you GO into space with these
and you also GO into these?

United States President, LIAM URBAN, 50, flashes his killer smile at his lovely wife -- the kind of smile that wins elections. He adjusts the Windsor knot on his tie and straightens the over-sized American flag pin on his lapel.

SUSAN

So it's a super duper space diaper?

LIAM

It's called a MAG -- Maximum
Absorbency Garment.

SUSAN

It works?

LIAM

Tested it out last week.

Susan disgustingly tosses the MAG into the suitcase.

LIAM

That's brand new, Honey.

Her appearance changes to concerned. Liam immediately detects her emotional state. He moves to embrace her, gently pulls her head into his chest.

LIAM

(Russian)

It's one day. I'll be fine.

His Russian is fluent and his English -- accent free.

SUSAN

What's wrong with a conference at
the U.N., and why's it gotta be you
going?

LIAM

Baby, we have an international colony on the Moon. The world has numerous space stations and space travel is safer than ever. Besides, the Russian Government insisted. I for one can't wait to see their new toy.

Susan appears unwilling to concede.

SUSAN

I didn't marry cosmonaut Liam. What about your two sons, have you thought about them?

LIAM

Ya, I considered taking 'em along but they don't make MAGs for kids.

Susan shoves Liam -- girly punches him in the shoulder. She also has dual language proficiency.

SUSAN

Zadnitsa!

He laughs and then playfully tugs at the knot supporting her robe. She slaps his hand away.

LIAM

Cosmonaut Liam, really?!?

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The triple space debris tumble...

into the Russian military satellite KALASHNIKOV ONE.

A direct hit into the support holding the stealth solar arrays. SOLAR PANELS easily sever from the satellite. Still together as one group, this new threat -- the "ARRAY" splits off and continues to path into L.E.O.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL - NEVADA - DAY

Jeb Bradley, arms crossed, leans against the porch railing of his modest looking home. At his feet is a medium sized duffel bag.

A cozy WELCOME SIGN attached to the railing hangs slightly uneven. Jeb un-holsters his LEATHER-MAN -- perfectly adjusts the sign, then proudly grins after a fine job.

A red sports car aggressively kicks dirt as it approaches the driveway. It has the "SPACEGAL" vanity plate.

Alexis Hamilton, still unkempt, exits the car and approaches Jeb. Dark aviator sunglasses shield her eyes.

Jeb glances at his wrist watch then glares back at her.

JEB

Alex, I needed to be at B.P. for ten-hundred, you know that.

ALEXIS

Oh ya, your tour guide gig...

...appears as though she could care less.

JEB

Your phone hung over too? I can take Parker to work with me -- you can pick him up there.

ALEXIS

Alright, sorry, don't have one of your panic attacks.

She lights up a cigarette. He appears disappointed.

JEB

Smoke now? You pull an all niter?

ALEXIS

Jesus, Jeb, gimme a break until NASA finishes my background check then I'll be outta your hair and outta this shit hole for good.

The duffel bag unzips from the inside and out leaps an excited Parker...

PARKER

Shit. Shit. Shit. Ha ha -- ooh.

She grabs Parker, bear-hugs him off the ground.

PARKER

Mommy used a bad word.

Alexis smiles at Parker. Angry look reserved for Jeb.

JEB

I didn't kn... he hides everywhere!

PARKER
You're in trouble.

ALEXIS
Oh ya? Well, peanut butter ice
cream should fix that.

A resounding cheer from Parker.

JEB
Bribe him -- he'll learn so much
from it.

She once again flashes Jeb a wicked stare then smiles big
for the young boy.

ALEXIS
You ready for roller coasters and
all night video gaming?

Parker claps and then raises his arms in victory.

JEB
That'll mess up his sleep pattern.

She exaggerates a laugh. Parker then imitates her.

ALEXIS
Toss his bag in the car, will ya?

She carries Parker. Jeb follows behind them with the bag.

The boy proudly displays a junior LEATHER-MAN to her...

PARKER
Look mommy -- I got one just like
dad has.

After seeing the tool she firmly confronts Jeb...

ALEXIS
I don't want him having a knife.

JEB
Alex, he was shown how to safely
use it. This is the stuff a young
boy needs to learn.

ALEXIS
Jeb, he gets hurt and it's totally
on you.

JEB
Since when have you become safety
conscious?

Mom and son are now inside the car, ready to depart.

JEB
Parker, seat belt. Keep reminding
Mom that the speed limit is
fifty-five.

ALEXIS
Ya, one-fifty-five.

Jeb hands her the BLUE ENVELOPE, which she immediately declines.

JEB
It's about our son, it's important,
kiddo.

She angrily accepts the letter, stuffs it into her back pocket. Shakes her head.

JEB
On Friday it's been a year since we
lost Jim and Minnie. Maybe we can
all go to the cemetery and then
afterwards, wherever you...

ALEXIS
My parents, my loss. Don't concern
yourself about it.

JEB
That's not fair. I loved them too.

Jeb, a solid look towards her, but she immediately breaks eye contact and quickly looks away -- shakes her head.

PARKER
Luv ya, Dad.

JEB
Love you, buddy.

Tires spin out. Jeb stands alone. He watches the vehicle quickly accelerate and leave.

EXT. BOUNDARY POINT - NEVADA - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Boundary Point Launch Rail and Command, Nevada.

The MAGNETIC LAUNCH RAIL parallels the side of Boundary Peaks largest mountain and points a half-mile skyward. A section of flats serve as the main compound and operations area.

The rail starts from inside of the compound's largest building. A sign: FALCON INDUSTRIES -- CIVILIAN SPACE AGENCY.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - PILOT STAGING ROOM - DAY

Video walls, chairs, a podium and a conference table.

Jammer and Kitchener are alone in the room. They stow electronic gear on shelves for charging.

Uncomfortable silence then Jammer makes his move...

JAMMER

You back to Earth yet?

Obviously, Kitchener is in ignore mode.

JAMMER

Like, emotionally back?

Jammer references the wall charts -- the duo of JAMMER/KITCHENER sits at the top of "Metric Tons Recovered."

JAMMER

Look at these numbers we been posting. I never got anyone hurt.

Finally, Jammer gets the confrontation he's been after...

KITCHENER

Keep pushing like you do and it's only a matter of time. I'll have no part of it either.

Kitchener hastily exits the room. Jammer stews...

JAMMER

Quit then. Holding me back anyways. Good fuck'n riddance!

Frustrated, he throws equipment against the wall.

LESTER DANIELS, 50, enters the room -- dressed typically corporate. Had to have witnessed Jammer's rage...

DANIELS
Catch more, throw less.

JAMMER
Tell that to my partner -- I mean,
ex-partner.

DANIELS
I'll tell you what I just told him,
mandatory meeting thirteen hundred.

JAMMER
Today?!?

DANIELS
Like you have something better to
do. Oh, and nice work messing up
that cockpit glass, asshole.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

P.O.V. -- front row of a ROLLER COASTER about to plummet
over a high drop.

On the front seat are Parker and Alexis. Parker appears too
young to be on this thrill ride. Nevertheless...

WHOOOSH

The coaster careens downward. Screams emanate from young
Parker. Alexis casually holds a cell phone to her ear.

ALEXIS
(into cell phone)
You gotta be shit'n me!

PARKER
Shit. Wee...

Alexis glances at her cheering son.

ALEXIS
Ya, but... right... Ya, I can get
there... Okay, Janis.

She concludes the phone call. Looks at Parker -- who's
having the time of his life.

ALEXIS
You better not throw up... again.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

United States re-usable space craft CHALLENGER REBORN drifts in an Earth-close MOLNIYA ORBIT.

The N.A.S.A. ship slowly approaches the side of the Molniya space station where another craft, the Russian TUKALEV, already maintains a docking tether.

Compared to the U.S. ship, the Tukalev appears twice the mass and technologically superior.

Challenger Reborn is within twenty meters of docking...

INT. CHALLENGER REBORN - DAY

FROM THE PASSENGER CABIN LOOKING INTO THE COCKPIT --

COMMANDER and CO-PILOT, 30s, only their back heads visible.

Through the view-port, the Molniya One space station is really close. U.S. astronauts can be heard over the ship's speaker system...

CO-PILOT

Kennedy, final approach to Molniya.
Stand-by auto-docking.

A blue light radiates throughout the ship.

CO-PILOT

Auto-docking initiated. Hard dock
in three, two, one... hard dock
established. Challenger Reborn,
Kennedy -- powering down.

The docking sequence was smooth and flawless.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

(male voice over comms.)
Copy that Challenger Reborn. Safe
stay. Kennedy out.

Commander and Co-pilot press overhead buttons to begin powering down their ship.

TWO PEOPLE ARE INSIDE THE PASSENGER CABIN --

Liam Urban frantically rubs his flight suit near his groin. He then turns to Secret Service Agent, TREAT JORDAN, late 40s, clean cut, somewhat nervous in appearance.

LIAM

Your MAG itch as much as mine?

TREAT

You think I wore that thing? Pretty sure I can hold it until we got here.

Liam gazes out of the side view portal.

LIAM

Fine, let's talk about the weather outside. It's minus four hundred and fifty degrees, so if you're planning on stepping out for a smoke remember to put on your mittens and booties.

TREAT

You're really into this, aren't you?

LIAM

Ya, admit it, this is freaking awesome!

TREAT

I'll admit that I'm terrified. Incidentally, I see anything I don't like over there and I'm yanking the plug -- we're right back on this boat heading home.

LIAM

Party pooper. What can go wrong?

TREAT

I have carte blanche, although technically this is Air Force One and that makes you the commander.

LIAM

Let's leave the real astronauts in charge of the space stuff.

TREAT

Good idea. That's why you da prez.

Treat opens the lid on a nearby container. He removes a .40 caliber, semi-automatic duty pistol and two spare magazines -- proceeds to do a brass-check on the weapon.

LIAM

Hey, the deal was no weapons. I had to fight just so they'd let you tag along. That necessary?

The agent's expression changes to dead serious.

TREAT

It's never necessary till it's necessary.

Treat unzips a compartment near his boot. He secures the weapon and the spare mags.

The Commander enters the passenger cabin...

COMMANDER

Excuse me, Mr. President. We are safely docked. Are you ready to go on board Molniya One?

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - LOBBY - DAY

A corporate-looking foyer. Jeb stands behind the reception desk and next to JANIS, 30.

JANIS

The flock grows restless.

Jeb's hands shake. He barely opens a pill box. Breathing accelerates. He waters down an anti-anxiety tablet.

JANIS

Feeling better, Jeb?

He exhales and meditates. Twenty CURIOUS CITIZENS await. His nerves calm.

JEB

Good morning, everyone. My name is Jeb Bradley and welcome to Falcon Industries space command center.

JANIS

(to herself)

Guess he does feel better...

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL -- KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - DAY

A decent sized STORM pounds the launch site.

SUPERIMPOSE: Kennedy Space Center, Florida.

AN OPEN HANGAR

The prepped and ready, LIBERTY -- Challenger Reborn's sister ship, rests fully protected from inclement weather.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Impressive video arrays surround the room. Dozens of technicians and scientists monitor Challenger Reborn seen docked onto Molniya One. Screens also track the storm.

CARL ANSON, late 40s, Operations Manager, claps his hands in excitement. He turns to a smiling Susan Urban, who sits surrounded by her Secret Service detail.

CARL

Presidents on board, safe and sound.

A happy and relieved Susan hugs Carl.

SUSAN

I'm so relieved, you have no idea. Now I just pray this treaty is a smash hit.

CARL

The storm will pass through by morning then we bring 'em home safe and sound. No need to divert his landing.

SUSAN

I'd like to stick around until I can talk to him if that's alright?

CARL

Absolutely, Ma'am.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - PILOT STAGING ROOM - DAY

Jammer, Alexis, Kitchener, and a half-dozen other operational personnel occupy the meeting table.

DANIELS

Government funding runs out in a week. It won't be renewed. In their

(MORE)

DANIELS (cont'd)
eyes, we just aren't producing
enough catches.

Collective sighs and anxiousness from everyone at the table.

ALEXIS
Called in on my day off just to get
shit canned.

JAMMER
Don't worry everyone, I'm sure the
astronaut job market is fuck'n
booming.

DANIELS
That necessary?

Jammer looks confused. Daniels shakes his head.

DANIELS
Bad news for everyone. I don't know
what else to say except we still
have two weeks left and with the
peace treaty underway corporate
wants a ship up there ASAP. Jammer
and Hamilton, I'll probably regret
this but you guys gotta partner up
on this one.

Alexis looks puzzled, glances over at Kitchener and then
towards Jammer expecting some sort of an explanation.

DANIELS
I'm having T-3 prepped to launch.
When it's ready, get busy.

ALEXIS
A new partner, you kidding?

JAMMER
I'm going up again...? Yay!

ALEXIS
I got my kid today!

Daniels rubs his temple from irritation.

DANIELS
You're partner banged in and Jammer
here pissed off his last one.
You're his C.P. until further
notice.

ALEXIS

Bullshit -- I'm a pilot not a...

DANIELS

...don't want to hear it. Get to work. Everyone, go!

People exit the room. Alexis is about to say something to Daniels but is quickly challenged to "can it". Jammer taps her on her shoulder before exiting...

JAMMER

Suit up, co-P. I'll show ya how the big boys do it.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - HANGAR BAY - DAY

Jeb and his tour caravan are huddled around TERRIER ONE. The ship is roped off, now relegated to a mere display.

The far end of the hangar shows the beginning of the launch rail, currently protected by closed roof doors.

Not far from Terrier One is a multi-monitor array which shows all areas of the compound buildings.

Jeb references a monitor which shows a graphic of 'space junk' in orbit. Tons of it -- everywhere.

JEB

We track well over a million pieces of debris up in Earth's orbit. The focus is the retrieval of objects over two meters in size. However, small pieces, about the size of your finger nail, are also dangerous to astronauts and assets.

The tour attendees seem more interested in Terrier One.

CURIOUS CITIZEN #1

This is how you catch them?

JEB

Yep. Civilian corporations have pioneered numerous advances in space technology over the past few decades. Some of the most notable are hybrid ion-thrusters and artificial gravity deck plates. Most of which are utilized right here in this early prototype.

Jeb opens a section of rope. They touch the ship.

CURIOUS CITIZEN #1
It feels solid. Has it been to
space?

JEB
Oh, ya. I've piloted her for almost
four years. She's scheduled for
decom. Seems like forever ago since
I've been up to space.

The hangar doors open. Terrier Four is trucked inside. Jeb
immediately notices the damage to the cockpit.

CURIOUS CITIZEN #2
Do you miss it?

JEB
Ya. Unfortunately, I developed a
condition where I can't safely go
up there anymore.

CURIOUS CITIZEN #1
What condition?

A hallway monitor shows Alexis with Parker in tow.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Molniya One and docked transport ships are in the
Earth-close portion of a Molniya orbit.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room is filled with selected world leaders. Flight suits
removed, it's back to business dress for all.

The nations top dogs interview with reporters. They are:

PRESIDENT OF CHINA

PRESIDENT OF EGYPT

SUPREME LEADER OF IRAN

PRESIDENT OF IRAQ

PRESIDENT OF ISRAEL

The President of Russia, NATALIA ANATAYA, stocky, appears as
though she can bench press a Marussia. She stands near the
head of the table, flanked by Victor Rurik.

The Russian hosts closely observe their guests.

Liam speaks to a ROBOT NEWS CAMERA. It has an on-board, two-way video screen and decals of networks on the side...

LIAM
 ...wonderful flight. Loved it.
 Treaty talks are humming right
 long. Everything is going as
 planned. Thank you world.

Liam steps next to Treat. The agent religiously keeps a close and serious watch on Viktor Rurik.

LIAM
 Think I came off too patriotic?

TREAT
 Look who you're asking.

LIAM
 I'd probably spend the rest of my
 term draped in the American flag
 like Rocky if you called the shots.

TREAT
 Outstanding idea, Rocky is one true
 American icon.

They smile. Liam picks up on Treat's obsession.

LIAM
 Problem with the Chairman?

TREAT
 That wannabe KGB thug? Guy should'a
 been born ninety years ago.

LIAM
 Please, say what you mean. He's
 never given me any cause for
 concern.

TREAT
 Your abundant trust in people...

Treat shakes his head at him.

LIAM
 You soon won't have to worry about
 him as he's fighting some terminal
 disease. Can't remember what it's
 called...

TREAT
Communism?

LIAM
Listen, I've built a pretty damn good relationship with President Anataya so try not to ruin that, okay? Secret Service should be seen and not heard.

TREAT
Russia, China -- problems for another time, but right now the Middle East players are ripe for the picking. Get what you can out of 'em before the fighting resumes.

The President contemplates.

LIAM
Hmm. If the media got wind that I take more advice from my security detail over my own cabinet, they'd have a freak'n field day.

TREAT
Fuck the media.

Anataya and Rurik approach. She doesn't speak English. Liam speaks directly to her in Russian.

LIAM
Madam President. Chairman.

ANATAYA
Once again, thank you for attending, Liam. Rurik, give us a private tour -- while still time.

Liam, Anataya, and Treat follow Rurik out of the conference room and into...

A HALLWAY

The BULKHEAD door snaps shut behind them with an enormous amount of speed and force.

TREAT
(to himself)
Some serious doors they got up here.

ANATAYA

Back home, my people have such high regard and talk often about the first Russian-blooded American President.

Liam glances at Treat, then back to Anataya...

LIAM

I'm sure most would agree, cut me and I bleed red white and blue.

RURIK

Majority red, I pray.

NOW AT: TRANSPARENT WALLS TO THE SPECIMEN LABORATORIES

Behind the glass walls robotic machinery operate.

ANATAYA

Automated computer systems safely and efficiently replace human beings.

LIAM

What are they working on?

ANATAYA

Biological specimens. Our scientists back home are certain machines in space will advance medical research ten fold.

LIAM

Great station. How much to buy one?

Anataya laughs.

ANATAYA

How does one say in English -- make yourself like home?

LIAM

At home.

Rurik speaks in a thick English accent so that Treat can perfectly understand. Both are not shy about stare downs.

RURIK

Not too much home, this remains Russian governmental facility.

Treat looks around, then back to Rurik, sarcastically...

TREAT
I hadn't noticed the hammer and
sickle anywhere.

Rurik taps his closed fist over his heart...

RURIK
It is here... for safe keeping.

TREAT
I don't doubt it.

Liam with a look in Treat's direction: "what the hell?" He then looks towards Anataya who maintains a pleasant smile.

ANATAYA
You must see our operations room.

Liam trails behind the Russians, then whispers to Treat.

LIAM
What part of seen but not heard do
you not get?

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OFFICE OF ALEXIS HAMILTON

Janis focuses on her mega-smart phone. Parker is hypnotized by a hand-held video game as Jeb enter the office.

JEB
Thanks.

JANIS
Anytime. Bye Parker.

Parker doesn't respond, remains transfixed on the game.

JEB
Parker, Janis said bye to you.

PARKER
Bye.

Janis exits the room. Parker returns to his game.

JEB
I have a few things to finish so
stay here in moms office till I get
back. No shenanigans, okay?

Parker hysterically...

PARKER
Shenanigans!

HANGAR BAY

Staff Members scurry to prep Terrier Three as the craft is maneuvered via a sliding rafter crane. The ceiling doors open to sunshine.

Terrier Three stops at the base of the launch rail. It locks onto a twin-engine ROCKET SLED which remains pointed skyward and now awaits launch.

HALLWAY

Jammer in full flight suit travels down the hallway.

Kitchener carries a closed box, a couple of bags and his helmet. Passes his ex-partner. They ignore one another.

LOCKER ROOM

Alexis zips up her flight suit. She folds, places her civi-clothes into a locker. A blue envelope falls onto the floor. She retrieves it, proceeds to open... changes her mind then secures it inside of her inner space-suit pocket.

She bends over to latch her boots...

Jammer enters the room behind her, whistles.

JAMMER
Look'n a hell of a lot better in
that suit than my old partner.

She twists her torso, looks at him, softly smiles. This deliberate move adds to her sultry pose.

JAMMER
Hey, I don't give a damn about that
pilot, co-pilot nonsense. You've
proven yourself behind the throttle
and I got no problem splitting time
with you. I consider you one of the
guys.

She stands tall and sticks her chest out.

ALEXIS
If you're lucky I may consider you
one of the girls.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The Molniya One and docked transport ships begin to orbit away from the outer edges of the Earth.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Heads of state sit at the conference table.

Standing at the podium is the Supreme leader of Iran. He holds an electronic pen and begins to sign his name.

His signature is magnified twenty times on the VIDEO WALL behind him. Two nations still lack signatures: Russia and The United States. He finishes signing...

INTENSE CLAPPING

The Supreme Leader of Iran returns to his seat. President Anataya moves to the podium. The wall translates to all languages.

ANATAYA

The Russian Nation is honored to host this opportunity for the world to come together after such a devastating war. The hearts and souls of the mother land will forever mourn the loss of life our planet suffered one year ago today...

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier three travels in a low earth orbit.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jammer pilots. Alexis speaks into comms...

ALEXIS

Boundary Point, targets locked.
E.T.A. twenty minutes.

Her helmet reads: SPACEGAL

BOUNDARY POINT (O.S.)

Copy that.

JAMMER

Plot an eccentric intercept pattern.

ALEXIS

I know what the hell I'm doing.

She taps icons -- plots a new course, rubs her forehead.

JAMMER

Damn, girl -- hungover from partying with Jeb all night?

ALEXIS

We been split for a year now.

JAMMER

Oh, what happened?

She releases her seat harness and heads aft.

ALEXIS

Never you mind.

A few moments pass...

ALEXIS

I felt so suffocated. You know?

JAMMER

Sounds like all my relationships.

ALEXIS

Oh, and he calls me kiddo -- drives me... *ugh!*

JAMMER

So... you're back on the market?

She sighs at him -- accesses a maintenance terminal.

JAMMER

Lets make this interesting -- while we still have paychecks. We take turns behind the stick, whoever grabs more metric tons at the end of this tour wins.

ALEXIS

What's my prize?

JAMMER

Wow, the confidence. How about... loser buys dinner at Rupperts?

ALEXIS

Nice try, but I'd have to go out
with you win or lose.

JAMMER

I'm talking god-damned Rupperts
steak house, lady -- best fucking
steaks in the mid-West.

She enters commands into the terminal screen.

ALEXIS

Alright, what the hell.
(into comms.)
Boundary Point, standby for comms
reboot, visual and audio.

BOUNDARY POINT (O.S.)

Copy that, Terrier Three. Talk to
you in fifteen.

Alexis taps a button on the screen, looks up at one of the
interior cockpit cameras. A red indicator light goes dark.

JAMMER

Comms reboot? That was done
pre-launch. What are you doing?

ALEXIS

Breaking in a new partner.

Convinced of visual blackout, Alexis returns to her seat.
Instead of sitting, she leans against the cockpit console --
faces Jammer -- drapes herself on the equipment...

...slowly unzips the front of her flight suit.

Jammer's eyes wide, mouth ajar -- speechless for once.

Zipper opens as far as possible...

She closes her eyes -- fingers spread -- slides down her
exposed naval and deep down into the front of her suit.

She breathes deeply, then erotically looks at him...

ALEXIS

Wanna join the two-hundred mile
high club?

JAMMER

Uh-huh.

Jammer releases his harness then moves to her.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

TERRIER THREE -- INTO THE SIDE VIEW-PORT

Through the steamy, condensed, glass -- an ass cheek.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - LOBBY - DAY

Jeb arrives at the reception desk. Kitchener signs a form. On the desk sits his I.D. card for surrender.

JEB

Kitch! Hold up. You're not gonna stay the last couple of weeks?

KITCHENER

Nope. I'm out.

Jeb extends his hand. They shake.

JEB

Man, I... I guess I'll say good bye and good luck.

KITCHENER

I always liked you. Piece of advice, get your girl away from Jammer before he gets her killed, even though it pains me to see you take so much shit from her.

JEB

I haven't given up hope that she'll come around -- you know, for Parker's sake.

KITCHENER

Hm. Take care of yourself, ya hear?

Kitchener hands in the paperwork.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Anataya concludes her speech. The room erupts in applause as her signature is captured on the video wall. America is the only line that remains.

ANATAYA

My good friend and President of the United States of America, Liam Urban.

Applause as Liam moves into position. He places his speech onto the podium. After applause subsides...

LIAM

People of the world, leaders, and statesmen of these seven nations -- the Molniya Seven, as history will eventually refer. It's...

Liam pauses. He appears despondent. Momentarily stares at his tablet and then closes the device. Looks towards his colleagues and then the robot video cameras...

LIAM

Technology -- we are surrounded by it and when used for good improves our lives daily. One year ago, it was used for evil. Millions dead, millions suffering, and for what? Territorial disputes? Religious turmoil? Pure hatred? Human beings have allowed the unthinkable to happen. This destructive behavior must end right here and right now -- God help us all if it doesn't.

As the video translator buffers... applause from the conference table.

LIAM

America's past struggles, recently even, reiterate our flaws as human beings. However, one thing never ceases to amaze me -- and that's American exceptionalism. A simple desire to achieve the best out of life that one can possibly imagine.

A smile from Treat.

LIAM

No religion or theocratical government can be allowed to oppress or destroy this ultimate desire for freedom and prosperity. Plenty tried, but my fellow Americans simply won't allow it, and neither should any of you -- for your countries, and for all of man kind...

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Adoringly, Susan watches her husband's speech.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Molniya One space station leaves L.E.O.

The triple space debris tumble towards Molniya One...

...except they harmlessly pass behind the station. Terrier Three quickly emerges on an intercept course.

INT. CHALLENGER REBORN - DAY

THROUGH THE COCKPIT WINDOW

The standby crew of the still docked Reborn watch the distant Terrier pursue the scrap.

COMMANDER
Garbage men are here.

Co-pilot chuckles.

COMMANDER
You remember to put out the trash?

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis adjusts the tactical display and locks onto the triple targets.

JAMMER
I got a score to settle. Watch,
learn, and prepare to be amazed.

THROUGH THE VIEW PORT -- the targets quickly grow.

ALEXIS
Could they be any closer together?
It's like... here I am, come and
get me.

JAMMER
You just jealous.

Jammer gets busy. One in... two in...

ALEXIS
Twenty degree yaw to port and
you've got them.

He ignores her and continues to struggle with the helm...

Alexis grasps the duplicate control stick and nudges a course correction -- *twenty degree port yaw*.

The third piece is in. It worked!

Jammer presses the red button to secure the debris.

JAMMER

I'll be having my porterhouse
medium-rare, thank you very much!
It's been a great day for the ole
Jammy, if ya know what I mean...

...glances at her body then twitches his eyebrows.

JAMMER

I'll be depositing these then
you're up. Tri-catch, baby!

ALEXIS

My quintuple still stands. Match it
then we'll talk.

JAMMER

Pfft. Now where is... there we go.

He adjusts the flight stick and heads to --

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The orbiting MAGNETIC RING contains numerous space junk. The ring has a small gap on one side which allows new debris to enter the field.

This "space junkyard" contains everything from broken solar arrays to smashed sections of satellites.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jammer releases the debris safely into the magnetic ring.

JAMMER

In like flynn. Your turn, kiddo.

He lets go of his flight stick. Off the port side, Alexis sees something moving very fast...

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Stealth Array careens past the Terrier -- on a direct collision course with Molniya One!

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis peers through the port view-window.

ALEXIS

What the...? You see that?

JAMMER

Nothing on tactical.

She grabs the duplicate flight stick, spins the Terrier and slams it into drive.

ALEXIS

There!

JAMMER

I don't see shit.

She accelerates towards a distant Molniya One, shouts into comms...

ALEXIS

Molniya One, collision alert!
Vector...

(checks a readout)

...seven, twelve-three-niner.
Adjust minimum thirty degree yaw,
then full ten-minus orbital flat!

Alexis switches communication channels...

ALEXIS

Challenger Reborn, incoming debris.
Collision alert!

INT. CHALLENGER REBORN - DAY

Co-pilot checks his displays -- returns comms...

CO-PILOT

Negative confirmation of inbound on
any of our scopes.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

Orbital debris on a collision
course. I'm telling you they're
there! Re-position immediately!

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The stealth Array quickly SLICES through the docking tunnel between the Challenger Reborn and the Molniya station. The link severs. Electrical sparks fizzle into the space vacuum.

The unannexed American ship begins to slowly somersault over the Russian Tukalev.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Liam is about to sign the peace treaty when a small EXPLOSION rocks the station. Everyone's attention through the double view ports to see...

EXT. SPACE - DAY

As the Reborn somersaults, her dorsal inverts over the top of the Tukalev -- their backs moments from collision.

INT. CHALLENGER REBORN - DAY

Chaos on the instrument panels. The sealed cockpit door holds firmly.

COMMANDER

Bring the navs back online!

CO-PILOT

Kennedy, breached compartment, aft.
POTUS is not on board!

COMMANDER

Firing emergency thrusters!

The Commander slams his fist onto an auxiliary button.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The dorsal THRUSTERS on the Challenger Reborn fire just in time to stop the ships from pancaking. The twin rockets BURN holes into the spine of the Tukalev.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Emergency lights and alarms flood the room. The order to evacuate need not be given. Everyone scrambles.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The severed tether on the Molniya One glows deep red. Challenger Reborn's main engines come to life. The ship maneuvers away from the station.

THROUGH THE DAMAGED AIRLOCK --

Everything aft of the cockpit is exposed to the vacuum of space.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Now on scene, the crew inspects the damage to the side of the station and the recovering Challenger Reborn.

ALEXIS

(into respective comms.)

Molniya, you have electrical arcing, lower level, exterior. Boundary point, critical hull breach to Challenger Reborn. We are standing by to assist.

JAMMER

What? Assist? We're not trained... no way!

ALEXIS

You'd do nothing? You risk life and limb to catch space shit but won't do the same for people?!?

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

PANIC MODE. The MONITORS display the chaos on board the Challenger Reborn. Carl Anson shouts to nearby stations...

CARL

Damage assessment! Is that cock pit seal gonna hold? What the hell's going on up there?

SUSAN

My husband, is he okay?

Carl turns to Susan -- unable to hide his own fright.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The conference room quickly clears. Russians and Americans are the last to remain.

TREAT

I doubt we're getting out the way
we came.

RURIK

Tukalev will transport you.

Rurik and Anataya are the last to exit the room just behind Liam and Treat. They catch up to the others...

IN THE HALLWAY

The panicked crowd proceeds in single file. Quickly to...

TREAT

Move it! Double time.

A STAIRWELL

They travel downward as alarms wail. Smoke billows.

LOWEST LEVEL

More smoke from the area where the Reborn was tethered. Eyes tear with irritation. Breathing becomes difficult.

AIR LOCK PREPARATION ROOM

The line of world leaders file through the Tukalev airlock one by one. Last in line are the Americans and Russians... they are about to leave the station --

EXPLOSION

The AIRLOCK door snaps shut in front of Liam. Treat quickly pulls him back and clear before he's crushed in the seal. They failed to make it into the airlock.

Rurik activates the nearby console -- no response.

THROUGH THE AIRLOCK VIEW PORT

Supreme Leader of Iran is still inside of the docking tunnel. He tries to open the Molniya-side airlock.

Tukalev airlock snaps shut behind him. He's cut-off.

Supreme Leader, trapped inside the tunnel, panicked look and very much wants back on the station. He pounds on the Molniya airlock view-port --

EXPLOSIONS ERUPT UNDER HIS FEET

Docking tunnel fails and begins to break apart.

Iran leader is caught in the space vacuum and dies.

Tukalev begins to float freely, completely un-annexed from Molniya.

LIAM

Oh my god!

Treat questions Rurik...

TREAT

Is there another way off?

RURIK

Emergency lock, second floor.

Another small EXPLOSION nearby as the fire system spits FOAM into the room. They backtrack and return to...

THE HALLWAY

Rurik seals the door to the now engulfed room. Concerned looks from the Russians.

LIAM

Is anyone else on board this station?

Anataya shakes her head. Rurik ponders...

RURIK

We go to operations. We must purge the airlock room, stop the fire, and preserve the station.

TREAT

Fuck the station. Presidents my priority. Which way to the emergency airlock? I'm getting him off ASAP.

RURIK

Think smartly, your people will not know your plan. We must get to operations then arrange for alternative transport.

The despondent Secret Service agent contemplates...

TREAT

Fine. Let's do it your way. First opportunity I see to get off this death trap and I'm taking it.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

All personnel frantically work on damage control.

CARL

Reborn, can you re-acquire POTUS?

Static on the cockpit-monitors of the American space craft.

COMMANDER (O.S.)

Negative, Kennedy. Our mission is compromised.

Carl looks at the monitor showing the grounded Liberty, still resting inside of her hanger. He turns to a co-worker...

CARL

Get me a line to the Russian Space Agency, immediately!

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The crippled Reborn returns to the Earth's atmosphere.

The top of the Tukalev vents O2. Malfunctioning thrusters attempt to keep it even with the Molniya space station.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis scans the Tukalev -- spots the venting O2.

ALEXIS

They're losing air!

Jammer raises his arms in surrender.

JAMMER

Nothing we can do about it.

Alexis moves the ship closer to the spinning Tukalev.

ALEXIS

If they'd just sit still...

JAMMER

What the hell we gonna do? Put a band-aid on it?

ALEXIS

That's exactly what we're gonna do.
(into comms.)
Boundary Point, the Tukalev is rapidly venting oxygen. Can you contact and advise them to hold position?

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Daniels and his staff (minus Jeb) -- intensely monitor the external feeds broadcasting from Terrier Three.

DANIELS

Terrier Three, standby while we contact Kennedy.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

Better make it snappy, I don't think they have much time left.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Carl Anson stands in front of the small monitor array. Daniels appears on their communications screens...

DANIELS

Kennedy operations, this is Falcon Industries, Nevada.

CARL

This is Kennedy Space Supervisor, Carl Anson, we are currently busy with a situation.

DANIELS

We are aware. Our ship is on scene and stands ready to assist. You're patched in with Terrier Three.

Another monitor shows Alexis and Jammer -- two way comms.

CARL

What do you need, Terrier Three?

ALEXIS (MONITOR)

Contact the Tukalev, have them station keep so we can get a closer look at their compromised O2 system.

CARL
Copy that.

SUSAN
Is he on the Russian ship?

GUY WITH HEADSET turns to Carl...

GUY WITH HEADSET
Russian Space Agency on-line. I
can't find anyone that speaks
English over there.

RUSSIAN SPACE OPERATIONS GUY appears on screen M-2.

RUSSIAN SPACE OP GUY (MONITOR)
(Russian)
What is it?

CARL
You gotta be kidding me.
(turns to his co-workers)
Anyone speak Russian?

Susan stands tall. She moves before the monitor.

SUSAN
(Russian)
Russian Space Agency, have the
Tukalev hold position so our ship
can assist.

Russian space op guy squints at Susan. Appears
uncooperative. Whispers to someone off screen.

SUSAN
(Russian)
Sir, this is the First Lady to the
President of the United States of
America. I'm communicating on
behalf of NASA and civilian space
agencies. We kindly request you to
instruct your ship to hold
position, please. It is quit
urgent. Lives are at stake.

Carl looks at Susan for an update. The monitor shows a now
station-keeping Tukalev. A short lived smile from both of
them.

SUSAN
Just have to appeal to their egos.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis moves the Terrier closer to the top of the Tukalev.

ALEXIS

Alright, here we go. Watch, learn,
and prepare to be amazed.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier Three angles nose down and perpendicular to the top of the Tukalev -- pincer opens wide and clamp onto the damaged COVER protecting the compromised O2 equipment.

Cover is forcibly removed -- now floats in the space vacuum.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis focuses -- squints through the cockpit window, works the controls with intense precision. She struggles to see through the freezing O2 as it sprays from the damaged line and begins crystallizing onto the front end of the Terrier.

ALEXIS

Come on. Hold still, damn it!

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Still nose down into the top of the Tukalev, the Terrier surgically crimps the O2 supply line via the retainer jaws. The flow of escaping air immediately dissipates.

Terrier Three snatches the cover and re-attaches it to the Tukalev. A CUTTING TORCH near the tip of the Terrier spot welds the cover in place.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

JAMMER

You did it.

Alexis can't contain herself...

ALEXIS

Ya! Whoo!

...victorious smile. Jammer sits besides himself.

ALEXIS

(into comms.)

Kennedy, that repair should buy
them enough time to get home.

She puts her hands up and behind her head, leans back and turns to Jammer...

ALEXIS

Bet ya never caught anything this big. Count it in my column, co-pilot.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Susan clutches her headset tightly, intensely listens, then yanks it off. She turns to Carl...

SUSAN

They say Liam's not on board the Russian ship. Where is he?

GUY WITH HEADSET

China reports difficulty launching their bird. No ETA available

SUSAN

Chairman of the government and Russian President also unaccounted for.

CARL

Jesus, if they are still on Molniya, we need a way to get them off.

Carl looks up at the Russian Space Agency monitor. It goes completely blank, then is replaced with a U.S. GOVERNMENT logo and a graphic that reads: TRANSMISSION BLOCKED.

CARL

What the hell?

Secret Service agents break from a huddle. AGENT BAUMGARDNER, 40, broad shouldered, chest puffed outward, moves to a commanding position...

BAUMGARDNER

Alright, everyone's attention on me. The Secret Service is assuming command of all operations. A land-line and cell phone ban is effective immediately. You will provide me your full support until all objectives have been satisfied -- starting with the safe return to Earth of the President of the United States.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Jeb enters the room -- surveys the monitors.

JEB
Mission status?

DANIELS
Molniya space station in distress
along with the U.S. and Russian
transport ships. We believe the
President is still on the station.
Secret Service just took over
Kennedy.

JEB
And Terrier Three...?

DANIELS
On scene. Alex just saved the
Russian ship's ass. This is gonna
go down great for us.

Jeb equips a headset then accesses a computer terminal.
Knows his way around the equipment exceptionally well.

JEB
Station's orbit is way off. It's no
longer Molniya.

He displays an orbit calculator and solution template onto
the monitor. It shows the station's orbit cut by two-third.

DANIELS
I think you may be right about
that.

JEB
It has less than an hour until
Earth orbit entry if not soon
corrected.

Main monitor now shows detailed schematics of Molniya One.

DANIELS
Why haven't the Russians adjusted
course yet?

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

THROUGH THE COCKPIT WINDOW

The Tukalev descends into the Earth's atmosphere.

JAMMER

Yo, we saved everyone's ass --
Presidents and shit!

ALEXIS

(sarcastically)
Couldn't have done it without ya.

JAMMER

We should get an award dinner out
of this. Maybe at the White House?
Betcha their steaks are fuck'n
awesome!

Two-way communication SCREENS snap to life...

BAUMGARDNER

Terrier Three, this is Agent
Baumgardner. By order of
Washington, I am now in command of
all space operations. Your vessel
is to immediately dock with the
Russian space station and...

JAMMER

...both docking points are smashed,
that's impossible!

BAUMGARDNER

The President of the United States
of America is in jeopardy. You will
find a way to dock and retrieve him
or face possible prison sentence.

JAMMER

Hey buddy, sorry about the prez but
their ain't no way...

BAUMGARDNER

Failure is not an opt...

Alexis switches off the auxiliary monitor displaying the
agent and focuses on the IMAGE of the team at Boundary
Point.

ALEXIS
This guy serious?

DANIELS
Afraid so.

JEB
Alex, the second floor of the station has a type six emergency airlock. It should match up with a Terrier.

ALEXIS
Okay. I'll look for it.

DANIELS
And if the President doesn't know to go there?

ALEXIS
Then the Secret Service is right, we'll board the station and find 'em.

JAMMER
Wait, we'll what???

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier Three moves to the dark side of the Molniya Station. It scans the hull with an exterior spotlight.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Treat waves a fire extinguisher at a smoke plume directly in the middle of the hallway. The door he's trying to access reads in Russian: OPERATIONS.

He tosses the now empty canister, coughs into a handkerchief, then withdraws down the length of the hallway and back to another doorway where Liam pulls him inside and to safety. The door abruptly seals behind them.

SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Anataya and Rurik both watch as Liam helps a struggling Treat sit down and catch his breath...

TREAT
Forget it... the heat coming from that door... the fire systems on... this station are for shit!

LIAM

Relax a sec. Breath regularly.

TREAT

This trip's working out really well, ain't it? How the hell we gonna get word that you're still in here?

Anataya studies the robot chamber and conveyor system. Something about the computer systems and specimen trackers interests her. She moves closer to study them.

Liam turns to Rurik...

LIAM

Operations ain't happening. The emergency airlock, it's our only play.

Rurik stares at the Americans with disdain. A twitch to his cheek -- and a serious look not seen before. He clearly despises them and is no longer concealing it.

Anataya powers up DISPLAY PANELS...

Each panel corresponds to a specific specimen bank. Russian writing now indicates exact contents. Her keystrokes REVEAL the concealed room from earlier.

ANATAYA

What is this?

Liam moves to her. Treat struggles to follow.

She accesses different specimen banks, Liam reads along...

LIAM

Sans v 471? Px11?

TREAT

Sans v is a highly mutated cousin of the Ebola strain. Px11 is the weaponized designation.

ANATAYA

Rurik???

Liam questions the Russian President...

LIAM

(Russian)

You said this was medical research?

TREAT

Arrogant commies, at least conceal
the damn names for crying out loud!

RURIK

And you Americans act surprised?
You had this infiltration planned
all along. Earlier, you took out
our military satellite, now you
plan to take out this station in a
failed attempt to halt our
advancement. Time has come to speed
up retaliation.

LIAM

What advancement? What retaliation?
What's going on here?

TREAT

You think I planned this? You
believe I'd endanger the life of my
President by bringing him on a
tactical mission?

(points to Rurik)

You're dumber than I give you
credit for.

Liam confidently to Anataya...

LIAM

(Russian)

Our only mission here was that of
peace, this I promise you.

ANATAYA

I was not aware. I swear to it.

RURIK

You Americans have choked our
homeland since the days of Reagan.
I've long time set in motion a plan
to bring the Union back to its days
of supreme power. In the event of a
catastrophic failure, this station
will be programmed to reenter Earth
and the core of this lab will find
its way to the East Coast of your
U.S.A. Weeks after impact, and down
on their knees, what's left of your
population will beg the new Soviet
Empire for antidote.

LIAM
You would kill us all by crashing
this station?

RURIK
Just me and her die in the crash...

Rurik reveals a MAKAROV auto-pistol, points it at Liam...

RURIK
... you die now!

Rurik blasts a shot. Treat shoves Liam behind the conveyor system. A second shot ricochets off the thick glass somewhere behind the Americans.

Quick as possible, Treat draws his weapon and fires a series of shots over the conveyor -- all misses.

Rurik returns two more shots that miss badly. Anataya screams as Rurik withdraws behind another glass partition. The Chairman remains clearly visible behind the barrier, all while he accesses a computer terminal.

Treat stands up and rapid fires a half dozen rounds at Rurik. The protective glass easily stops the lead.

TREAT
No weapons -- great idea!

Rurik emerges from the partition and fires again, this time two at the Americans and one towards Anataya. All misses. He returns behind cover, continues to enter commands into the computer.

As quickly as Treat rose to return fire, he slips and falls into a cowering Liam.

LIAM
What the hell's he doing?

Liam grabs Treat to steady him after the fall. The president displays his blood-soaked hand, scans Treat's rib cage... blood oozes from a wound just under his heart.

Liam clutches his limp friend and desperately covers the wound.

TREAT
I guess he didn't miss after all.

Severely compromised, Treat raises his weapon, ejects the magazine, replaces it with a fresh one, re-racks the slide... passes the gun to Liam and sinks even further onto the floor.

LIAM

You'll be all right. We'll get you help. Treat!

The agent fades quickly...

TREAT

Rurik hinted at an antidote... If it's here, you must find it. Save yourself. God will see... to have a chance... my friend... don't lose the... the will to survive.

LIAM

No. Please, no. Treat, stay awake, please don't...

Treat is gone.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier Three approaches the EMERGENCY DOCKING PORTAL. The ship spins -- belly connects with the station.

INT. TERRIER THREE - COCKPIT - DAY

Alexis leaps from the pilot seat. She opens the lid on a small FLIGHT CHEST labeled 03 -- secured rear of the terrier. Removes a breathing apparatus and small oxygen tank. Passes a second unit to Jammer...

He stares wide-eyed as though wanting nothing to do with it.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

The inside of the emergency docking portal opens...

Alexis alertly hops down and into the hallway.

Jammer sticks his head through the portal. She speaks into her wrist-watch comms...

ALEXIS

Kennedy, we are on board Molniya One.

CARL (O.S.)
Copy that, Terrier Three.

She turns around and sees Jammer's hesitation...

ALEXIS
You coming or what?

JAMMER
Shouldn't one of us stay here and watch the ship?

ALEXIS
If anyone's hurt how am I gonna move them without you?

JAMMER
Oh ya, good point. Real good.

ALEXIS
Let's go. Sooner we find them, sooner we get out of here, and you get your government steak.

He reluctantly proceeds onto the station.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Carl turns around after studying the monitors...

CARL
They're on board.

Susan anxiously sits, head down, her hands clasped in prayer -- then stands up in anticipation.

CARL
They'll find 'em, I know they will.

BAUMGARDNER
You tell them I expect a detailed account of everything they see once every three minutes, no if and or buts.

Carl and Susan bounce hesitant glances off of one other.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

AT AN INTERSECTION

Alexis presses a button on the first of two doors. The door instantly slides open to bellowing smoke. She immediately closes it and backs away from the deadly plume.

SPECIMEN LAB 1

Rurik frantically works at a computer station. He inputs CORE SEPARATION instructions and issues the final command to execute.

Liam sets his fallen friend gently onto the deck.

ANATAYA

Rurik, stop this madness
immediately! I demand you to do so.

Anataya comes out from hiding and tries to get closer to Rurik. His careless shot chases her back to safety.

He appears to have completely executed his intended commands.

HALLWAY

Alexis and Jammer move through the second doorway just as it snaps shut behind them. An additional heavy-duty BARRIER seals the doorway. This section is the CORE COMPARTMENT, and they both barely made it inside.

She peers through the doorway portal to see...

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Molniya space station begins to shed the PORT and STARBOARD COMPARTMENTS. The massive sections are forced away from the core by a series of small, yet controlled blasts.

Lifeless compartments float into space. Terrier Three is still attached to the starboard section.

Smaller booster rockets fire and turn what's left of the station on a new course... straight back to Earth!

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Alexis looks through the view-port.

ALEXIS

Oh, come on!

Jammer shoves her out of the way to get a better look...

JAMMER

Shit, man. There goes our ride! Now what the hell are you gonna do?

ALEXIS

ME? How bout you figure something out for a change?

JAMMER

I knew it, should'a stayed on the ship!

She turns to look at the glass partitions of the specimen laboratories.

ALEXIS

Well, on the bright side, I don't think we're on fire anymore.

(into her watch)

Boundary Point, we got a little bit of a problem here.

JAMMER

Little bit of a problem?!? Our ship is floating away to the moon! We got no damn ship! I'd hate to see what da' hell you'd consider a big problem!

ALEXIS

I can't believe I had sex with you.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Daniels and Jeb look confused.

JEB

That's not on any of the public schematics.

DANIELS

Don't tell me we just lost the Terrier?

JEB

We gotta get a ship up there to help them.

DANIELS

T-2's being overhauled -- we ain't got any left!

Jeb grabs a control stick and swings the HANGAR camera directly at TERRIER ONE...

JEB

Ya, we do.

DANIELS

What, that decommissioned museum piece? It hasn't flown in over three years.

JEB

She'll fly, I know she will.

DANIELS

Alright, but we got no pilots. Who's gonna fly her, you?

Jeb nods at him -- not exactly a confident nod, but still a nod.

DANIEL

What about a co-pilot -- you can't go up by yourself?

JEB

Call Kitch. Tell him what's going on, he'll help.

Daniels picks up a phone and displays it to Jeb...

DANIELS

Oh sure! Uncle Sam cut the phone lines, dead as a doorknob.

He slams the phone down and returns it to the receiver.

JEB

Prep the ship. I'll get him back here.

DANIELS

He walked out the door over fifteen minutes ago, how da hell you plan on catching him in time?

Jeb switches to another camera, this time an external view of the COMPOUND PARKING LOT. He zooms close to a red convertible sports car with the "SPACEGAL" license plate and then quickly heads to the door...

JEB

He's a seven-day-Sunday-driver.
Prep the ship. I'll be right back.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Rurik fires the final shot before the slide on his weapon locks back.

Liam dives head first from cover, fires three shots that penetrate into Rurik's torso... the chairman falls limp against the wall, bullet wounds leak blood onto the deck.

Liam moves closer to the slumped chairman and kicks the gun away from his reach. Anataya emerges from cover, quickly goes to the side of Rurik, and holds his sinking head upright.

ANATAYA

Why Rurik, why did you have to?

RURIK

You are... weak traitor. I did...
for... for the mother land.

She shakes her head in disapproval and watches Rurik die.

Liam moves to the console...

LIAM

How do we stop this?

Anataya joins him. Computer commands are met with a blank screen. Moments later, she discovers the problem: bullet holes throughout the terminal interface.

ANATAYA

This station is doomed.

Liam nods his head and appears almost willing to accept the situation. He gazes at his lost friend...

LIAM

If that's true, I'll at least find
a way to get my country the
antidote. Will you help me?

Anataya nods as Liam looks over her shoulder -- EYES WIDE at what he sees..

LIAM

In here! We're over here!

Liam sprints to the sound-proof glass at the far end of the room. Inside the adjacent SPECIMEN LAB 2, he sees Alexis pass through the door, yet, she still remains completely unaware of his presence.

LOCK-DOWN MODE INITIATES

Jammer follows Alexis into the lab just as the sliding door slams shut, PINNING him against the frame -- undoubtedly, he didn't see it coming in the least.

The door CLAMPS through his torso, instantly crushes into him like a hydraulic vice smashing tin cans -- SOUNDS of bones crunching loudly.

JAMMER

Ahhh, shit! Open!!!

Alexis moves to assist him. The door controls are unresponsive.

JAMMER

Ahhh, open the fuck'n door! Ahhh!

Desperate, she inserts her fingers and tries with all her might to pry apart the door. The pain is so intense that Jammer begins to pass out. She pulls her own fingers clear as the door completely seals through his mid-section.

ALEXIS

Oh no, Vince! Oh no!

EXT. NEVADA ROAD - DAY

A red convertible sports car screams down the road at excessive speed. Jeb checks the speedometer -- 120mph -- slams his foot further down on the accelerator...

JEB

One-fifty-five it is...

He scans past the windshield and locks onto his target: a slow moving MINI-VAN.

Pacing side-to, Jeb begins desperately motioning for the van driver (KITCHENER) to pull over.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - HANGAR BAY - DAY

The rafter crane lifts Terrier One, nose up. The craft knocks over the display ropes as it moves into launch position and attaches onto a ROCKET SLED. A CANISTER labeled: ION HYBRID FUEL is inserted near the back.

EXT. NEVADA ROAD - DAY

Tires on the red convertible kick dust and sand. Jeb drives while Kitchener sits in the passenger seat, tightly clutching onto his helmet and flight gear.

RELEASE THE RED CONVERTIBLE

NOW TIGHT on the windshield of the abandoned mini-van. A handwritten sign reads: OUT OF GAS (AND OUT OF MY MIND)

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

A monitor tracks the Liberty and transport pad as it slowly crawls out of the hanger.

CARL

Start the launch prep.

SUSAN

How long will it take?

Carl looks towards the Guy With Headset for an answer. He's met with a look of negativity.

GUY WITH HEADSET

It takes over fifty minutes to run start up diagnostics.

SUSAN

The hell with the diagnostics, launch the damn ship!

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The core of the Molniya One space station approaches L.E.O.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

Jammer's limp hand dangles on the floor. Alexis tends to his unconscious, upper torso.

ALEXIS

Vince, can you hear me? Shit, I can't... I can't get the door open. Please, wake up.

SPECIMEN LAB

Liam pounds on the glass barrier. Anataya shows him the communications port that links both laboratories -- presses and holds the INTERCOM button for Liam...

LIAM

Over here! We're in here!

THROUGH THE GLASS

Alexis spins around, surprised to see them.

ALEXIS

He's badly hurt. I can't figure out the door. Can you open it?

LIAM

We're cut off. Is there help coming?

ALEXIS

I think we pretty much are the help.

LIAM

What's the plan to get out of here? You have a plan, right?

Alexis shakes her head. Liam looks at Anataya.

LIAM

You have a ship, right -- we'll get out that way.

ALEXIS

Ya, um... that ain't gonna happen.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OFFICE OF ALEXIS HAMILTON

Jeb bursts into the room and sees Parker playing a hand-held video game...

JEB

Parker, I gotta tell you something.

Jeb catches his breath, gently takes his game away and sets it aside.

JEB

Parker, something's happened to your mom and I have to go help her. Buddy, if things... um, I just want you to know I...

Parker has a look of soft inquisition.

MALE TECH wheels in a SMALL FLIGHT CHEST labeled "01" He blows a layer of dust from it and pops open the top.

Kitchener enters the office wearing his flight suit. He hands an additional suit to Jeb, lays his breathing apparatus and O2 tank inside the flight chest, then turns to Male Tech...

KITCHENER

He'll need a survival pack.

Male tech exits, leaves behind the flight chest

JEB

I'll be back, promise. I love you, always.

Parker has no reaction, shows zero emotion and goes back to his video game.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Susan paces in front of the monitors.

SUSAN

This can't be happening.

Carl places his hand gently on her shoulder.

SUSAN

I told him not to go. Why didn't I stop him? Why?

GUY WITH HEADSET

They'll enter our atmosphere quicker than expected.

CARL

How much quicker?

Orbital graphics are updated on the main monitors.

GUY WITH HEADSET

Looks like twenty eight to thirty minutes. That's not all, either. The station's core has made three course changes in less than a ten second span.

CARL
Course changes?

GUY WITH HEADSET
If I'm not mistaken it maneuvered
to a deliberate entry angle.

CARL
Stations are not designed to enter
orbit and land. Where's it going?

GUY WITH HEADSET
Early calculations appear like it's
heading here -- somewhere East
coast.

EXT. SPACE

The Molniya One CORE as it slowly heads to Earth.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OFFICE OF ALEXIS HAMILTON

Male Tech yanks the closed flight chest from the office and
pushes it hastily down the hallway. His destination is the
hangar bay.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Liam searches the barrier between both labs. Anataya
examines the specimen wall at the back of the room.

SPECIMEN LAB 2

Alexis into her watch comms...

ALEXIS
Kennedy, U.S. and Russian
presidents have been located --
both alive and well.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Susan leaps from her chair upon hearing Alexis over the
speaker system.

ALEXIS (O.S.)
We are locked inside some sort of
laboratory. My partner is badly
hurt, please, send help -- and
fast.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Daniels and team respond to the good news.

HANGAR BAY

Jeb and Kitchener take a heroes walk to Terrier One. The operations personnel rush last moment preparations before the launch.

OPERATIONS ROOM

Daniels looks at the video feed of the Terrier, fully prepped and ready to launch...

DANIELS

Begin charging the magnetic capacitors.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb and Kitchener secure themselves to their seats, upward angle, and now await launch. Kitchener activates the systems...

KITCHENER

God, this equipment is ancient. It was never upgraded past three-point-oh?

Jeb appears distressed. He wipes sweat from his brow.

KITCHENER

You alright? I gotta know right now if you can do this or not?

The ex-pilot removes his container of anxiety pills, pops one, swallows -- tries to re-seal it but fumbles the contents behind him. The pills scatter all over the rear mounted flight chest and out of their reach.

KITCHENER

Lord help us.

OPERATIONS ROOM

A computerized voice resonates...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (O.S.)

Capacitors at one hundred percent.

Daniels stands up, takes a deep breath...

DANIELS
Launch Terrier One.

HANGAR BAY

The piercing sound of a gigantic ELECTRICAL CURRENT.

The lights inside the facility momentarily dim.

Terrier One, firmly attached to it's rocket sled, instantly snaps straight up the rail and through the open hangar doors. There one second -- gone the next.

EXT. BOUNDARY POINT - NEVADA - DAY

A blurred Terrier jolts up the magnetic rail at an incredible speed. Just as it runs out of railing, the rocket sled FIRES its twin burners which take over, further propelling the craft's massive upward inertia.

The ship pierces the beautiful blue sky magnificently on the way into orbit thanks to both power sources.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb and Kitchener both fight the intense g-forces associated with the launch. A stretched, smile-like appearance appears on both of their faces.

A few THUMPING sounds.

KITCHENER

We got some noise -- aft, that
normal for this bird?

Jeb is still an emotional wreck. He closes his eyes, attempting to collect himself.

KITCHENER

Jeb?

JEB

Huh?

KITCHENER

Something don't sound good back
there. She ain't gonna blow, is
she?

Jeb focuses all of his energy and emotions on the launch. He works hard to control his breathing.

JEB
 She'll be fine. Entering uh...
 exosphere. Releasing rocket sled.
 Standby, uh, planetary orbit.

KITCHENER
 Sounds like it stopped. Something
 loose in the flight chest, maybe?

EXT. SPACE - LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Terrier One disengages from the rocket sled and peacefully floats within a soft orbit.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OFFICE OF ALEXIS HAMILTON

Janis searches the office...

JANIS
 Parker? Parker, where are you?
 Parker, this isn't funny anymore.

She bolts out of the office.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

A robotic arm twists to life, grabs a specimen on the rear wall and releases it onto the conveyor system. The sample slides into an open ejection torpedo.

This repeats two more times until the torpedo is sealed.

Anataya and Liam watch the torpedo travel toward the front of the core and into a...

SECOND CHAMBER

Torpedo heads into the next processing zone and then into the launch tube where it seals, ready to launch.

A MONITOR READS IN RUSSIAN:

ERROR>>>UNABLE TO INITIATE LAUNCH TUBE ONE<<<ERROR

SPECIMEN LAB 2

The duplicate computer terminal repeatedly beeps. Alexis leans closer to examine it.

COMPUTER TERMINAL READS IN RUSSIAN:

INITIATE LAUNCH>>>TUBE ONE<<<

ALEXIS
What's it say?

Liam and Anataya lean against the glass. Alexis removes the screen from the top of the terminal -- still tethered to the pedestal, she displays it to them for translation.

LIAM
It's a manual command to launch.

She TAPS the screen and confirms the launch command...

SPECIMEN LAB 1

Liam and Anataya see the launch tube powering up.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The front bay of the Molniya Core opens to space. The number one tube fires the torpedo straight into the Earth's atmosphere.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Hope springs eternally within Liam's eyes...

LIAM
That's how we're getting outta here.

ALEXIS
How's that exactly?

LIAM
We'll open the front bay, activate the launch command, only the tube will be empty. It's big enough so we can fit through... except we need someone on the other side. We need a ship out there ready for us.

Her communications watch...

DANIELS (O.S.)
Alex, Terrier One is on her way to you.

ALEXIS
Terrier One?

DANIELS (O.S.)
We're working on a way to get you guys off of there.

ALEXIS

I think we may have found one. Have them position front of the station. We'll advise further.

DANIELS (O.S.)

Copy that.

She holds her watch closely to the intercom for Liam...

LIAM

This is Liam Urban, President of the United States of America. I need you to get a message to the Joints Chief of Staff, can you do that for me?

DANIELS (O.S.)

You are on with Kennedy and Secret Service, go with your message Mr. President.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Susan quickly reacts to Liam's voice over COMMS.

SUSAN

Liam, oh my God!

LIAM (O.S)

Baby! Baby, I'm alright.

SUSAN

I can't deal with this anymore!

LIAM (O.S)

I love you. There is something really important you need to tell my staff, can you do that?

SUSAN

You can deliver it yourself, they are coming to rescue you.

LIAM (O.S.)

I know, I know, but just in case -- there is something on board this station that must not reach Earth at any and all costs...

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb relaxes his breathing. Looks out into space. He turns to Kitchener, who returns a smile.

KITCHENER

Look at you, you did it -- you made it back up here. To space.

JEB

WE made it up here.

KITCHENER

Then how bout WE go save the day?

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Janis rushes into the room and heads straight to Daniels...

JANIS

It's Parker, I can't find him -- I don't know where he's hiding!

Daniels attempts to quickly cover his MICROPHONE, trying to prevent her voice from also BROADCASTING -- too late...

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb turns toward kitchener who immediately returns the concerned stare. Together, as though sharing a clairvoyant moment, they both look back and directly at the flight chest...

Un-harnessed, they quickly move to the rear of the ship. Kitchener opens the lid and immediately lifts out Parker's LIMP body -- sets it gently down onto the deck.

KITCHENER

Oh no, he's not breathing!

Jeb, stricken with fear, once again becomes a useless vegetable.

Kitchener immediately performs C.P.R. on the boy.

KITCHENER

Come on, breathe, damn it!

He continues to work on the little body which now... shows sign of life!

Parker responds with a series of deep coughs.

KITCHENER

Holy shh -- crap! Parker, can you hear me?

Kitchener glances at a distressed Jeb, frantically eating an anxiety pill found scattered on the deck, then looks back at the recovering boy.

Parker smiles at Kitchener, sees his Dad staring back at him -- wide-eyed and paralyzed.

PARKER

Dad, this is the best ride ever!
Can we do it again?

Kitchener returns to his seat, activates the operations-only communications to Daniels...

KITCHENER

Boundary Point, we have located Parker.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Daniels is in a state of shock...

DANIELS

Up there? You gotta be shit'n me!

PARKER (O.S.)

(happy)
Shit!

The operations manager turns to his staff...

DANIELS

Nobody mentions a word of this to Alex, do all of you understand me -- not a damn word! Damn, I'll never work in this industry again.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Liam watches the conveyor system reverse the torpedo.

He gives a hand signal to Alexis through the glass partition...

ON ALEXIS AT THE COMPUTER TERMINAL INSIDE SPECIMEN LAB 1 --

She taps the console, which stops the conveyor.

Liam shoves the torpedo off the track and onto the deck. The conveyor is now empty.

LIAM

Alright, we can manually open the bay, the torpedo tube, and then close it once they dock.

(in Russian)

Any signs of the antidote?

Anataya still searches the video panels for the specimen.

ANATAYA

Not yet.

Liam activates the communications to Alexis.

LIAM

You need me to translate again?

ALEXIS

I got it. Um, I just don't understand -- if I'm the only one that can operate the system from here, how do I get out with Jammer?

Liam appears stumped. Contemplates.

ALEXIS

It's okay, I understand. Someone needs to stay.

LIAM

No, there's gotta be a way, we're missing something here. Just give me a moment to figure...

ALEXIS

It's fine, I know what I have to do.

LIAM

Forget it, I'm not leaving anyone.

Her communications watch...

KITCHENER (O.S.)

Alex, Terrier One -- we're thirty seconds to Molniya.

ALEXIS

Copy that. Opening the front bay.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier One approaches the front bay of the Molniya core.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Parker is belted into the auxiliary seat behind Jeb.

KITCHENER
Let's hope this works.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The front bay opens. Terrier One enters -- a tight fit.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb adjusts the flight stick.

KITCHENER
We're not gonna fit.

JEB
We'll fit.

KITCHENER
I'm telling you -- we're not gonna fit.

JEB
We'll fit, don't worry.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Terrier One is inside the bay. It's belly attaches to the port-side torpedo tube, numbered: 1.

The bay door closes -- and rips off the solid ANTENNA on the top of the Terrier.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Metal snaps. Jeb grimaces while looking at a cringing Kitchener.

JEB
See, like a glove.

KITCHENER
You're almost as bad as Jammer. Got anymore of those pills?
(into comms.)
Boundary Point, we are now secured to...

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Terrier One's transmission is all static.

DANIELS
You're unreadable, Terrier One.
Please re-transmit.

Even more static.

DANIELS
Terrier One, do you copy?!?

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Liam motions to Alexis.

LIAM
Here we go. Pray this works.

ON ALEXIS AS SHE TAPS A COMMAND ON THE COMPUTER TERMINAL

The tube door opens. Liam and Anataya eagerly stare down the conveyor system...

Moments later, Jeb emerges from the tube, crawls along the conveyor, through the connecting chambers, and towards Liam -- who happily helps him into the lab.

JEB
Mr. President, permission to come
on board?

Jeb looks at the middle partition where Alexis is all smiles from the other side.

LIAM
Speaker button on your left.

Jeb presses and holds the button on the wall.

JEB
How ya doing, kiddo?

ALEXIS
You came all the way up here for
me, for us?

JEB
I'd go anywhere for you.

Kitchener emerges. He immediately spots the body of Jammer. He meets a slow shaking of Alexis' head in response to his condition.

JEB
There's kinda something you need to know.

ALEXIS
What you did, overcoming everything like this -- with the way I've treated you, and yet you risked everything? I don't know...

JEB
I really have to tell you...

ALEXIS
...you're the best thing that ever happened to me. I'm such an ass for not recognizing...

Parker emerges from the chamber, sees Alexis, immediately runs to the glass besides Jeb.

PARKER
Mommy! I'm an astronaut now.

Alexis sees her son, displays a look of utter disbelief.

ALEXIS
And you brought my son up here!?!

She pounds her fists on the glass towards Jeb.

ALEXIS
Are you out of your fu...

Jeb releases the intercom button so Parker can't hear her insane and animated rant.

JEB
Parker, I told you to stay on the ship.

PARKER
Mommy's mad at you again.

JEB
Appears so.

ANATAYA
Found it!

LIAM
(Russian)
The antidote?

ANATAYA
Specimen number three-twenty.

Liam scans the back wall.

LIAM
Three-twenty...

KITCHENER
Alright, everybody back to the ship.

LIAM
I'm not leaving until we have the antidote.

KITCHENER
Antidote... to what?

Anataya points to 320, opens it -- nothing! Liam stares in disbelief...

LIAM
Empty... then we failed.
(beat, refers to Anataya)
Take her, get back to your ship and get out of here. Have the military destroy this station.
(refers to Alexis)
I'm staying with her -- I'm an American Airman, I will never leave anyone behind.

JEB
We can't. Our comms are down.

Liam presses the intercom button -- Alexis continues ranting on the other side.

LIAM
I hate to break up this family quarrel but we got another problem.

Alexis stops pounding on the glass.

LIAM
They're leaving. Tell the Secret Service I am safely off this station, have the military destroy it before it reaches Earth. They can't know I'm staying behind, with you.

She looks at her comms watch -- freezes.

LIAM

Do it, that's a direct order from
your President.

Alexis holds up her smashed communications watch.

LIAM

You BROKE... oh wow! We gotta blow
this thing up ourselves... how do
we do it?

Liam turns to Jeb.

JEB

There is another alternative. While
it's too late to stop the entry, we
may be able to divert the station
somewhere else. Someplace safe.

LIAM

How 'bout the ocean?

KITCHENER

Ocean is full of life, no telling
what effect that may have.

LIAM

Then... we need a place with no
life and where this virus can't
live. Antarctica, maybe?

JEB

Mankind recently created several
areas that will fit the bill.

LIAM

Ground Zero, Iran!

KITCHENER

Radiation levels there will kill
everything for the next fifty
years.

JEB

We'll have to find and manually
adjust the thruster controls.

KITCHENER

I'll use the computer on board the
Terrier to get a new entry angle.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

The room is bustling with activity.

CARL

Can we see anything? Any response?

GUY WITH HEADSET

Still nothing on any channels.

Susan rubs her eyes.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The core of the station heading towards the Earth.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

Alexis is in front of a panel at the rear of the lab. Four, recessed screws hold it firmly in place.

ALEXIS

I need a screwdriver -- a flat head.

SPECIMEN LAB 1

Everyone searches. Jeb reaches inside his suit, the belt area -- he doesn't have his trusty tool with him.

LIAM

Flat head -- who the hell uses flat head anymore?

JEB

Russians.

(beat)

Alex, you have anything that you can use to improvise with, you know -- like a bobby pin?

ALEXIS

A bobby pin? What the hell would I be doing with a bobby pin -- in outer space?

Parker displays his *junior-leatherman*.

PARKER

Dad!

JEB
Parker. You're a life saver!

LIAM
...millions of lives. How do we get
it to her?

They search...

Jeb finds a foot and a half wide SERVICE CONDUIT on the back wall, locates an identical looking screen inside lab #2, very close to Alexis.

JEB
Service conduit.

Jeb uses the screwdriver to open the screen. He sticks his head inside, up to his shoulders, then re-emerges.

JEB
Looks like it goes about six meters
then makes a left -- it should
eventually connect to the other
one. No way I can fit, though.

LIAM
You can't, but he can...

Liam points to Parker.

JEB
Nope, no way. I'm not sending my
son...

LIAM
My best friend just took a bullet
for me. His last words were about
saving lives -- other people's
lives. I won't let his wishes die
along with him. I understand he's
your son, but we gotta get that
tool to her. This is the only way!

A beat, then Jeb confronts Parker.

JEB
Parker. Two lefts -- you
understand? You get this to mom,
then you come right back. Okay?

Fearlessly, Parker enters the conduit.

LIAM
That's a brave boy you raised.

INSIDE THE CONDUIT

Parker makes his first left -- counts it by raising a finger on his hand. Activates his video game screen and uses it for lighting. Directly in front of him...

A DROP IN THE SHAFT

He looks down -- bottomless. Turns around -- about to head back... decides he can stretch across the drop. Proceeds...

OVER AND PAST THE DROP -- almost slips down into the abyss.

Rights himself. Counts the second left on his fingers.

IN LAB 2 --

A nervous Alexis waits for a sign...

ALEXIS
Parker? Parker? Where is he?
Where's my son?

Parker's fingers appear through the screen, along with the mini-tool.

ALEXIS
Parker! Thank God. I love you,
baby.

Alexis is able to touch his little hand.

ALEXIS
Parker, you go right back now, you
hear me? Go.

He leaves. She uses the tool to unscrew the thruster panel and pops it off -- reveals: HIGH TECH INSULATION.

JEB
Alex, rip that stuff out.

She tears into the stubborn insulation.

LAB 1 --

Liam pulls Parker from the conduit, holds him up...

LIAM

You did awesome, son.

He passes him to Jeb, who hugs him large. Kitchener returns and hands Jeb a note paper...

KITCHENER

New entry angles.

JEB

Please, take Parker back to the ship with you.

KITCHENER

What about, um...

He motions towards Alexis.

JEB

I'm not putting him through that.

Kitchener and Parker return to the ship. Jeb references a computer tablet, turns to Alexis.

JEB

According to this you should see six control cylinders.

ALEXIS

I see em, they have settings on the top.

LIAM

Wait, you're familiar with these, right -- aren't they Russian?

JEB

Mikuni brand, made in Japan. Most all solid boosters use em. Besides, I speak Japanese.

LIAM

Oh. Thank God for a higher education.

JEB

Alex, I'm gonna read off the new settings, starting with thruster number three.

INT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - MAIN OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

MAIN MONITOR: The Liberty on the launch platform.

GUY WITH HEADSET

We have a crew on board. Main engines are pre-launch calibrating.

CARL

Please, by all means... go when ready.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Jeb and Liam watch Alexis finish re-programming the thrusters.

ALEXIS

Okay, I think they're set.

JEB

Fire the sequence.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The thrusters fire. Within seconds, the approach angle on the Molniya space station alters in reference to Earth.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 1 - DAY

Jeb to Liam...

JEB

Can you check with Kitch, see if the coarse is now correct. It'll give me a few minutes alone with her.

LIAM

Ya, I'll be right back.

Liam passes by the body of Treat, pauses. He removes the flag pin from his lapel, places it into Treat's hand -- disappears into the tube.

JEB

Alex, I can't let the President stay here.

She nods in agreement.

JEB

I'm the only one that can get them safely out of here. I love you and I will never forget you.

She begins to tear.

ALEXIS

Deep down, I never stopped loving you. I wish I had another chance to prove it -- I really do.

JEB

I'll get 'em home. I promise.

ALEXIS

I know you will. You better. Go, take care of our son. GO!

Jeb hesitates, eyes well up with tears.

JEB

No, no, no. There's gotta be another way...

ALEXIS

Go. Get out of here, NOW!

Jeb goes down the conveyor and inside the tube. He looks back at her, brokenhearted.

LAB 2

Alexis activates the command to close the tube door. As the door closes, they exchange one last glimpse.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Liam sees Jeb enter the Terrier. The airlock seals.

LIAM

Hey, I told you I'm staying.

JEB

Change of plan, you're coming back with us.

LIAM

That's not your choice to make!

JEB

Mr. President, I have to confess. I didn't vote for you for your first

(MORE)

JEB (cont'd)
 term. I plan on making sure I do
 get to vote for you for your
 second. Buckle up, sir.

Jeb climbs into his seat, grabs the flight stick. Kitchener offers him the medication recovered from the floor.

Jeb declines...

JEB
 I won't be needing that anymore.

THROUGH THE FORWARD VIEW-PORT

The bay door opens to space. Jeb disengages the Terrier from the station, pivots the ship to face the station.

JEB
 Goodbye Alex. I love you.

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

Alexis sits on the floor near the control panel. She folds her arms across her chest, waits for the inevitable. Cold. Alone. She feels something, reaches into her flight suit and removes the blue envelope...

... opens it and begins reading. Eventually covers her face with the paper -- emotionally sobs.

Moments later -- a soft and weakened voice...

JAMMER
 Hey Kiddo.

She rushes over to him. Kinda briefly laughs through her melancholy and gently supports his head.

ALEXIS
 I really hate being called that.

JAMMER
 The hell you still doing here?

ALEXIS
 I don't have any place to go.

JAMMER
 The panel, show me how to work it.
 Get in there.

It dawns on her exactly what he means. She retrieves the remote panel and places it before his limp hand -- shows him the start up procedure, activates her survival pack.

ALEXIS

Thank you.

JAMMER

Think of me when you have that steak, I like 'em medium-rare.

She kisses him on the head, puts on her mask, and grabs a piece of the insulation still laying on the floor -- goes to the torpedo and wraps herself tightly within the thermal foil.

ALEXIS

Feels like I'm a burrito wrap.

Jammer begins the launch command.

The torpedo opens. Alexis climbs inside, fetal position. A sample is deposited next to her as the door secures. The torpedo travels down the conveyor and into the tube. Hatch seals behind it.

Jammer closes his eyes. The remote terminal blinks, awaits the manual command to fire.

INSIDE THE TUBE

It's so very dark. The sound of Alexis sobbing. Beat.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb and Kitchener watch the bay door on the station open.

KITCHENER

What's the hell's going on?

JEB

Can it be... no way? Stand by to line up a target!

INT. MOLNIYA ONE SPACE STATION - SPECIMEN LAB 2 - DAY

The remote terminal -- still blinks. Beat. Jammer's eyes flutter, then open up to see the screen. With his final ounce of strength, he presses the launch command...

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Tube 2 opens and the torpedo fires outward and towards Earth.

Seconds later, the speedy terrier appears -- front retainer solidly CLAMPS around the body of the torpedo. They only had one shot at this and completely nailed it!

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Jeb flips the red button on the flight stick and secures the torpedo directly front and center.

JEB

Gotcha!

THROUGH THE VIEW PORT -- Descending to Earth.

Torpedo begins to glow from atmospheric friction.

JEB

We gotta move fast. I'm taking her
in backwards to redirect the
forward friction.

He spins the Terrier.

KITCHENER

That possible? Can you do that?

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Terrier One enters the atmosphere in reverse. The rear of the ship is creating a wake zone so that the torpedo remains as cool as possible.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

The crew can directly see the Molniya CORE hot on their tail, or nose in this case.

KITCHENER

Entering the TROP.

This is where the ship really begins to feel it, folks!

JEB

We're heavy, really heavy!

Jeb spins the ship forward, wrestles the controls as they descend through the atmosphere -- struggles to keep the nose of the ship even and on plane. TURBULENCE.

All five passengers are jostled -- ship is dropping like a rock!

Down, down it goes...

JEB
Where the hell are we?

KITCHENER
Somewhere over Eastern Europe.

They fall. Faster and faster.

The ground is visible now. A glimpse of a long highway becomes recognizable. Jeb struggles to pull against the flight stick.

JEB
Come on... pull... it... UP!
Everyone, brace yourselves.

EXT. HIGHWAY - RUSSIA - DAY

Terrier One's twin parachutes and landing gears deploy.

A DRAMATIC LANDING SCENE

Cars careen and crash off the highway trying to avoid the runaway ship. The torpedo spits sparks as it scrapes along coarse concrete.

A minute of eternal chaos. The landing is about to end.

Finally, the ship comes to a halt. The retainer releases the torpedo which then gently falls to the highway deck.

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Bright sunlight through the forward cockpit as Jeb commands the lock to open.

JEB
Everyone alright?

Kitchener, Liam, Parker and Anataya, slightly shaken up, but all appear intact.

KITCHENER
That was a landing for the record books!

THROUGH THE FRONT OF THE SHIP -- Moscow in the background.

LIAM
 (to Anataya)
 You're home.

Like a shot, Jeb exits the Terrier...

EXT. HIGHWAY - RUSSIA - DAY

Jeb leaps onto the top of a battered torpedo. He kicks open the access hatch. Careful not to touch the hot walls, he reaches inside, removes insulation and then ultimately an unconscious Alexis.

With the aide of the luckiest passengers ever, Alexis now lies motionless on the ground. Jeb pulls off her O2 mask, checks for signs of life, decides this time -- he will perform the C.P.R.

SUCCESS -- for what the hell kinda story would this be if she dies?

JEB
 Welcome back, kiddo.

Smiling, she shares a hug with both Jeb and Parker.

KITCHENER
 The family that crashes together,
 stays together.

From her outstretched hand and over to Liam's, she passes a SAMPLE CARTRIDGE numbered three-twenty -- *the ANTIDOTE*.

ALEXIS
 I think you been wanting this. You
 know, just in case.

EXT. IRAN - GROUND ZERO - DAY

The half-charred Molniya core descends into a radioactive desert, moments away from crash landing.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - ANOTHER DAY

This is a recognition ceremony. Susan, Jeb, Kitchener, Parker and Alexis stand near Liam and the presidential podium. Anataya is in the background -- all of them looking quite happy and magnificent.

On two EASELS, large photos of Treat and Jammer are displayed directly next to the assembled press. Liam into the microphone...

LIAM

A lot has happened since last we spoke.

(looks at Treat's pic.)

For some of us, fate has demanded the ultimate sacrifice.

Undoubtedly, the only reason I am alive and standing before you today is due to the selfless acts of these heroes that I am proud to call... my friends.

Liam picks up a folded AMERICAN FLAG from the podium. He moves behind Jeb, Alexis and Parker -- spreads the flag and carefully drapes it over the back of them. He whispers...

LIAM

Treat would've loved this.

Jeb kisses Alexis. APPLAUSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - A DIFFERENT DAY

ORBITAL DEBRIS cascade through space.

Advanced prototype space craft, SHEPHERD ONE, quickly and easily clamps onto the space debris. The front of the ship could secure additional pieces if necessary.

INT. SHEPHERD ONE - DAY

Alexis, solo piloting, speaks proudly into comms--

ALEXIS

That's eight metric in two hours. State of the art. You really ought to get one of these, honey.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

Terrier One somewhere in orbit...

INT. TERRIER ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

Kitchener rides shot-gun. Jeb pilots, then into comms...

JEB

That's okay, Alex. Slow but steady wins the race. Besides, I'm quite happy with this baby right here.

INT. BOUNDARY POINT - OPERATIONS ROOM

Daniels into comms...

DANIELS

Um, fellas, and ladies, think we
can get some work done today?

He smiles at: Parker sitting at a table with Janis.

EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT - DAY

The beautiful planet Earth.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

Hey guys... how about we make this
round interesting?

FADE OUT

THE END